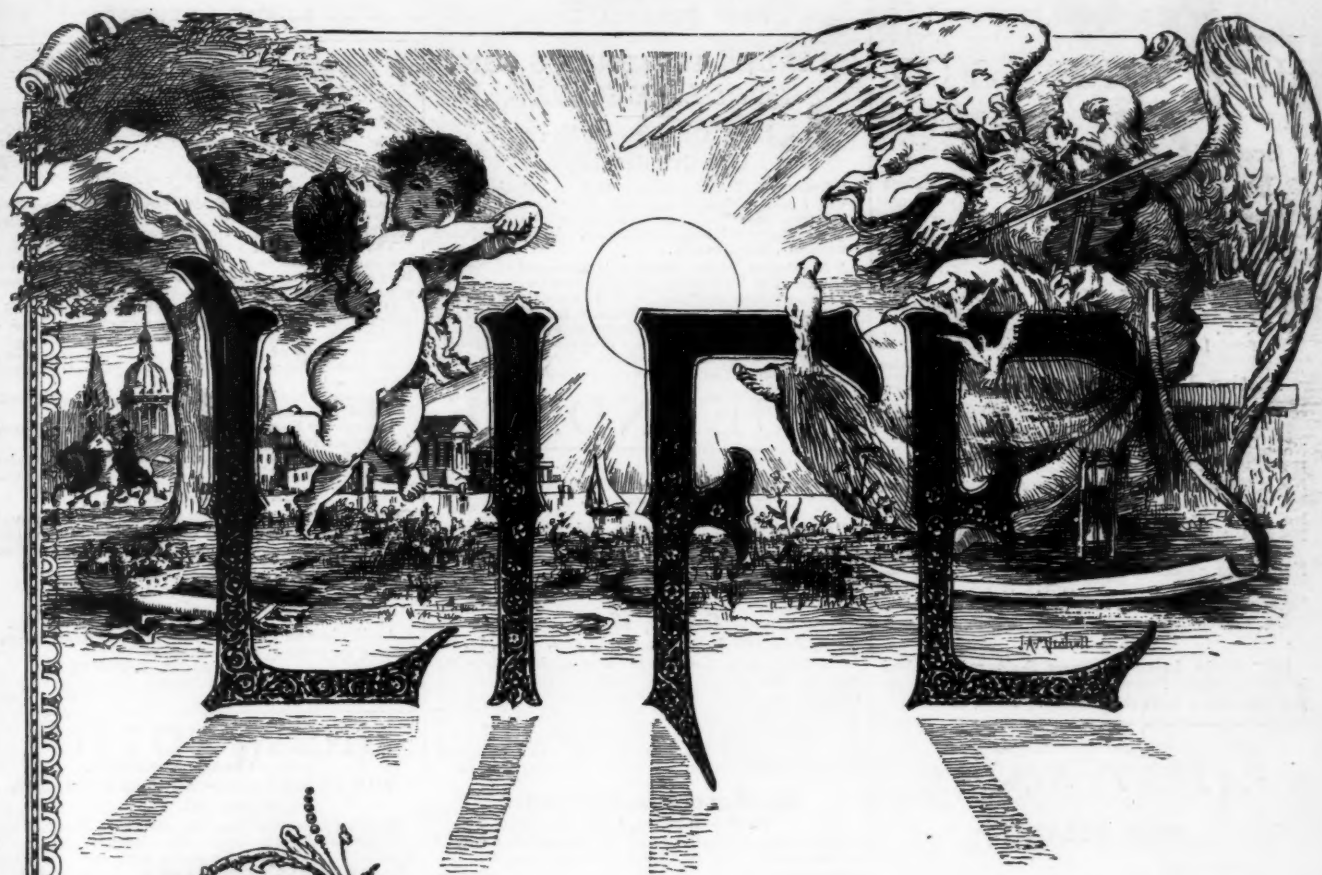


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The hotels of the Campobello Company, "THE OWEN" and "TYN-Y-COED," will be opened for the season in the latter part of June, and will be under the same management as last year.

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OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT KIDNAPPED!!

QUEER COOK'S EXCURSIONISTS!

EN ROUTE FOR MOSCOW.

ANTWERP, May 7th, 1883.



AFTER tossing restlessly for hours on my bed after the Duke's dinner, I finally went to sleep—into a sleep which was at first fitful, then profound. I awakened with a start, feeling stifled

"These," said he, "are your *compagnons de voyage*."

and uncomfortable. I seemed to be in a tomb. It was dark and damp, and a foot above my head I felt a plank. The mausoleum, to my surprise, seemed to sway and toss in an uncomfortable way, and there was a strong smell of oil and bilge water about it. I found that I was completely dressed, and felt in my pocket for a match. Striking a light, I found that I was in a state-room of an ocean steamship, in the corner of which my traps were neatly packed.

I hurriedly made my way to the deck. It was a cold, gray morning, and the vessel was rolling terribly in a choppy sea.

"On what steamer am I, and whither bound?" I asked of the man at the wheel.

"The *Mis-spent Life*, to Antwerp," he gruffly replied.

The horror of the situation overcame me. I had been drugged in my sleep in my London lodgings, taken to the steamer and booked for Antwerp. I was completely in the hands of the Anarchists.

Going back to my state-room, I opened my portmanteau, and found lying on top of my clothes a Cook's excursion ticket to Moscow, *via* St. Petersburg, with the return coupons cut off. The bag of gold which I had returned to the Honorable Percy Amarynth was stowed in a corner of the portmanteau. I sat down upon the berth to think over my situation.

Just then there was a tap upon my door; and a tall, slim man, with a heavy black beard, came into the room.

"Who are you?" I inquired.

"I am your conductor," he answered.

"My conductor?"

"Yes. You purchased a personally conducted Cook's excursion ticket to Moscow, *via* St. Petersburg. It is my duty to personally conduct you to Moscow. I have quite a large party under my charge on their way to see the Coronation."

"And when does that take place?" I feebly asked.

"The date is not definitely fixed," he answered.

"Still we can amuse and instruct ourselves in Russia while we are waiting. The throne to be used at the Coronation is to be of ebonized oak, with nickel-plated trimmings. Are you interested in electricity?"

"I am not," I answered sternly.

"It is dinner time," he said. "This pink ticket will pay for your dinner."

I followed him to the saloon.

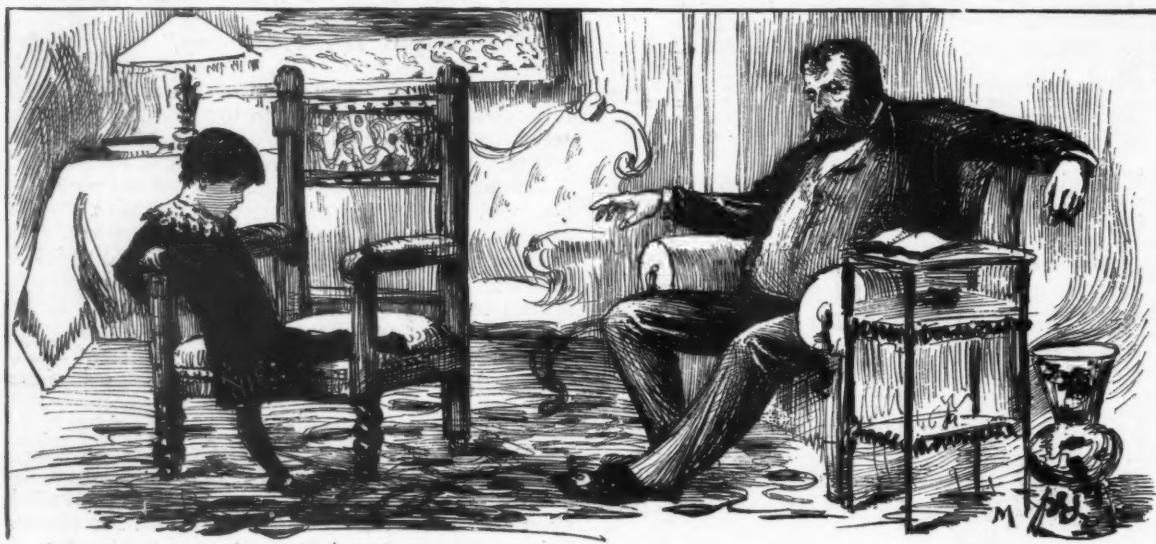
The tables were occupied by a crowd of men, and the heat of the saloon was stifling.

I remembered that I was to have lunched that day with the poet Dobson, and I had written a dainty triolet to read to him as we smoked our cigarettes. Truly the "unexpected only happens." "My triolet would not be appreciated by these personally-conducted tourists," I said to myself, as I looked at their dull, unimaginative faces, which seemed strangely familiar to me. The tourists were dressed with the usual exaggeration of their kind, and had evidently been gotten up to look respectable very recently. They were under a restraint of manner, and seemed very anxious to conform to the table etiquette of civilized beings. They occasionally introduced their food into their mouths with a fork, and when on the point of wiping their mouths upon their coat-sleeves, would restrain themselves, and use the table cloth instead. Still, I felt in my bones

that I had seen these faces once in my life before. Could it have been at St. Quentin? Was I travelling with the whole society to the dreadful mission to which I had been assigned?

As I was trying to collect my thoughts, my conductor, or attendant demon, spoke to me.

"These are your *compagnons de voyage*; all of them gentlemen of culture and refinement, whose society you will enjoy very much, I am sure." He smiled as he spoke, and I perceived, with a shudder, that he *had no teeth*. The saloon whirled around me, and I knew no more.



Papa: WHAT! JIMMY, YOU SMOKE? AND WHAT DO YOU SMOKE, PRAY?

Jimmy: I SMOKE CUBEBS.

Papa: AND WHY DO YOU SMOKE THEM?

Jimmy: OH! THEY ARE GOOD FOR A BAD COLD.

Papa: HOW OFTEN DO YOU HAVE A BAD COLD.

Jimmy: O! WHENEVER YOU GIVE ME TEN CENTS.

ALL things considered, the week just gone by was unusually eventful.

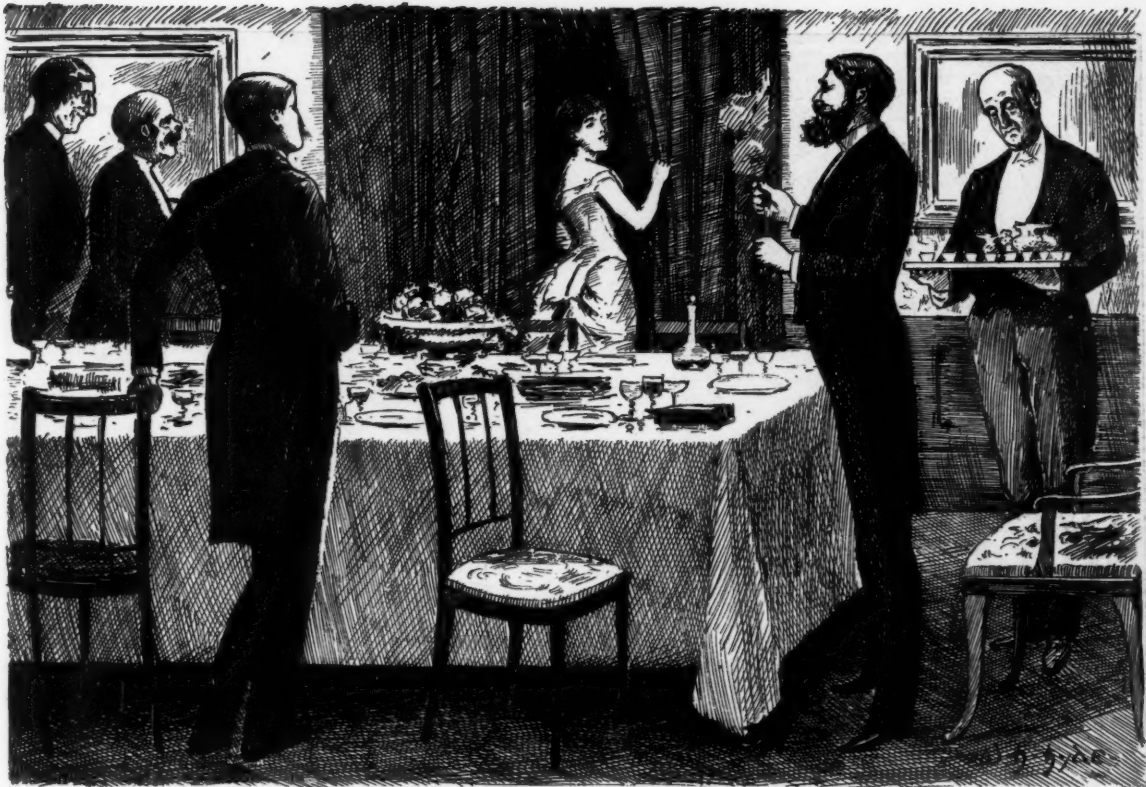
Mr. John L. Sullivan, although flabby, and not too sober, succeeded, in spite of a knock-down, in standing two rounds and part of a third before that tough little Briton, Mitchell, and New York paid \$13,000 to see him do it. Unfortunately, that other distinguished slugger, Captain Williams, interposed his famous club before the affair was settled, and both champions are still bellowing with discontent, each swearing the other was worsted. If Mitchell thinks he is the best man, why does he not accept Sullivan's challenge to fight it out in a barn? If Sullivan thinks *he* is, why is he afraid to meet Mitchell in the ring? Still, it must be confessed, that eminent savant, Mr. Pop Whittaker, is yet to be heard from.

Brady, the Irish felon, danced his little rope dance Monday, and still no thunders of dynamite shook the breeze. O'Donovan Rossa said he would blow up all London and most of Brooklyn when Brady was hanged. But O'Donovan says a great many things.

It is to be hoped that the brindle Lieutenant who attempted suicide because an heiress refused his offer of marriage, will be sent either to Ward's Island or Sing Sing if he recovers, and be kept there till Father Abraham wants him. This mixing up of gunpowder and romance is fast getting to be a nuisance, and it is high time the law took it in hand. Let the button-freckled monkey be made an example.

When bunko men can deceive a Catholic priest, what sinner is safe?

Linked by the glorious Bridge, New York and Brooklyn are now virtually one city. To be sure, the taxpayers have paid millions for the wedding, and now the public must pay more millions for the benefit which the exercise that walking across will give, but we are sure no right-minded citizen regrets the original outlay, even if he now howls over the tax imposed in tolls. One thing is certain—we have the grandest piece of pontine engineering extant, and even as an idle ornament it is worth the price we have paid.



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Hostess: NOW, DON'T STAY OUT HERE ALL THE EVENING.

Host: WE'LL JOIN YOU IN TEN MINUTES.

Hostess: MISS SCREECHY IS GOING TO SING, YOU KNOW.

Host: O! WELL:—SAY AN HOUR.

CONFESSIONS OF A POET.

I RHYME about "my lady fair"
In many a madrigal and sonnet,
(Her sun-browned face, I am aware,
Is homely—when I look upon it.)

I rave about her "stately grace,"
(She's always in a romp or fidget);
Her "lissome form" with pen I trace
(The model is a chubby midget).

I sing her "rippling golden hair"
(It's tousled and *coulour de la-carrot*);
Her voice is "silvern soft," I swear
(In truth she chatters like a parrot).

I dwell upon her "languid eyes"
(They always are when she is weeping);
Their "dreaminess" I emphasize
(It's doubtless there when she is sleeping).

And so on through the poets' list
Of ardent adjectives I treat her,
Which into lover's songs I twist,
In every kind of lover's metre.

And all of these she is to me—
E'en though through love's imagination—
She is my lyrics' melody,
She is their only inspiration.

And when some graceful thing I write,
Impassioned, pure, idyllic, tender,
I then invest, to her delight,
The cheque in caramels to send her.

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

A NEW JERSEY woman has started a singing school for parrots, to improve their technique, and writes to us for a name.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Call it the Polly-technique.

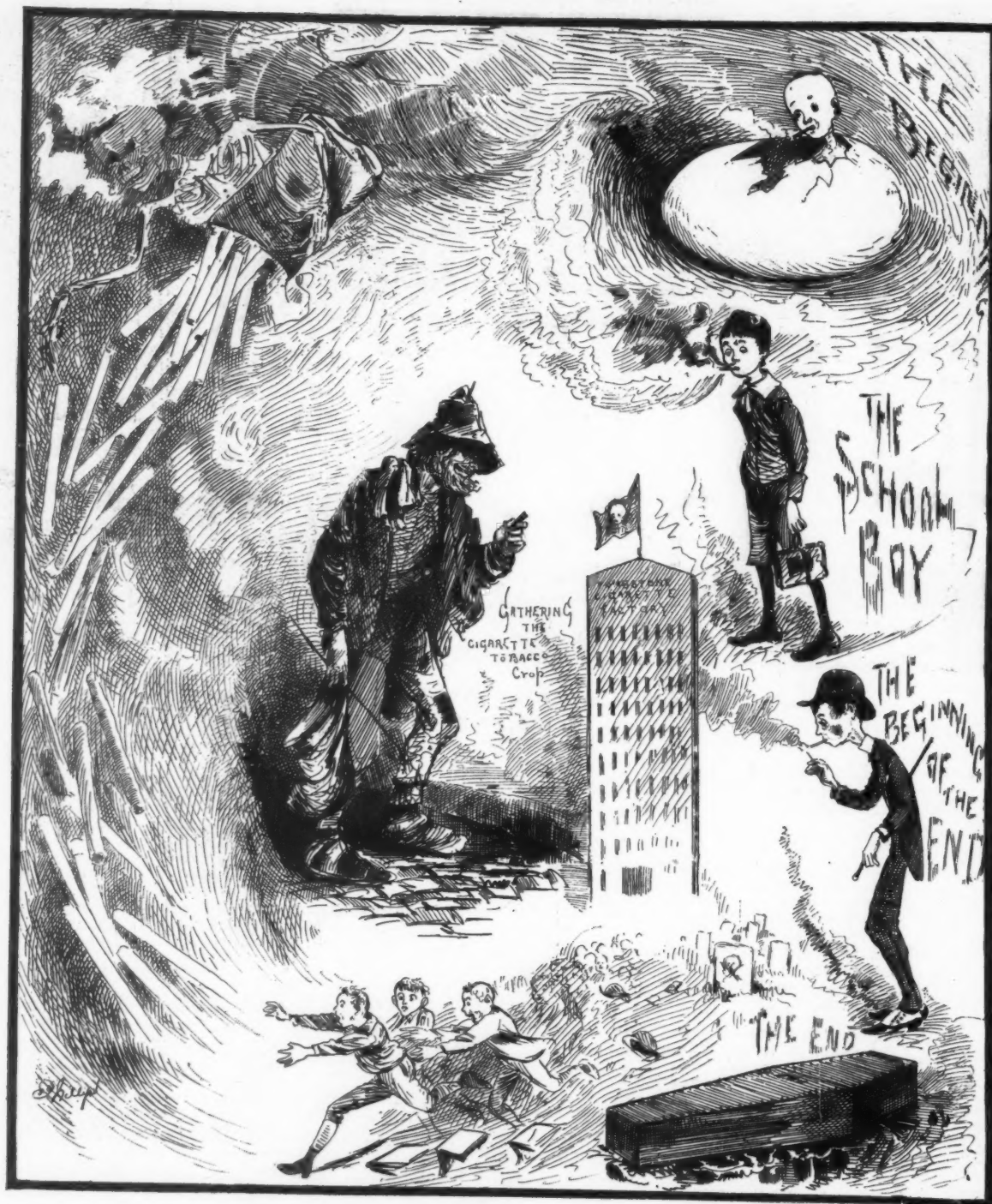
WE have known women to go out and forget their false teeth.
—*Dentist's Journal*.

WE have known women to go out without their gums.

"SAV, Bizzy," said the office boy to the keeper of the chips, "why were the antediluvian oysters bad?"

"Give it up, dear boy."

"Because it was the time of No-ah!"



MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN.

To the Editor of LIFE.

SIR,—I beg to call the attention of your readers to the fact that Charles Mitchell, the pugilist, is an Englishman, and that, as such, he has characteristics. As an enthusiastic student of race and national differences, I have remarked with profound interest the evidences which distinctly stamp him as a Briton. I saw him on Monday night in Madison Square Garden in active association with John L. Sullivan, Puritan, of Boston. Certain large traits which were stupendously observable in Hengist and Horsa were apparent in Mr. Mitchell at that meeting; but I was especially reminded then and afterwards of an encounter which I once witnessed in the State of Arkansas, between a cyclone and an English cock sparrow. The sparrow, so far as I could see, was definitely worsted by his antagonist. He seemed to me to be an insignificant objective incident of the boisterous turmoil which was raised on the part of the cyclone. Nevertheless, the cyclone having passed, the sparrow sat on the rail of a fence, and, trimming his few remaining feathers with a proud air, conveyed in his whole manner unmistakably the idea that the cyclone had been exceedingly lucky to get off in the easy and comparatively uninterrupted way in which it did get off. Similarly, Mitchell, as soon as the breath had revisited his body and his senses had returned to him sufficiently to enable him to distinguish which end of himself was which, remarked that it was an inestimably fortunate happening for Sullivan that Captain Williams stopped the encounter just when he did stop it, inasmuch as he (Mitchell) was on the very point, at that moment, of reducing his cyclonic antagonist to a grotesque and hopeless wreck.

This is so "bull-dog," is it not?—this showing by the sparrow at such a juncture of his fangs, this yearning for Sullivan as soon as possible after so stupendous and flattening a climax?

Suppose, after the lightning had struck the Communipaw oil-tank the other night, the remains of the oil-tank had cried out: "Ha, ha! how does the lightning like that, I wonder!" Of course you would put the oil tank down as English. Or suppose that the monster meteor which was recently reported to have fallen in Texas really had fallen; that the reported man beneath it had been driven through the earth and come out in China, and that as he came out he had said to such Chinamen as happened to be in his proximity that he and a 90,000 ton meteor had come in contact, and that the meteor palpably had got the worst of it. Him also you would judge as being possessed of English traits.

There is something in the modern English nature which enables it to triumph over fact by word of mouth. I bow to this curious ability. I beg to draw your attention to an interesting instance of evolution.

I remain, respectfully,

N. KLINKERFUSS,

Professor of Theology in Trinity College, Hartford.



THE WEAKER SEX.

I AM AWFULLY GLAD YOU ARE. COME WITH US GIRLS, JOHNNY—WE'D HAVE BEEN SCARED TO DEATH IN THIS LONELY PLACE.

"WHAT'S the matter with you this morning, old fel?" inquired the foreman of the second-deputy-assistant-editor-in-chief. "You look all broke up."

"Didn't get any sleep last night; I was walking up the ave'ner with the Dude compositor, and I thought up a boss answer to a conundrum. I sat up all night, but for the life of me couldn't find the conundrum to fit!"

"Give it away!"

"Why, one is air medicine, and the other is Mayor Ed—"

The second-deputy-assistant-editor-in-chief has climbed the golden stair.
J. K. B.

SUNLIGHT

and

SHADOW.

One toy—
A "Sling."
One boy,
To fling
At man
A Stone;
As ran,
Heard groan!
One eye,
Hurt bad,
Kid "fly"
So glad!

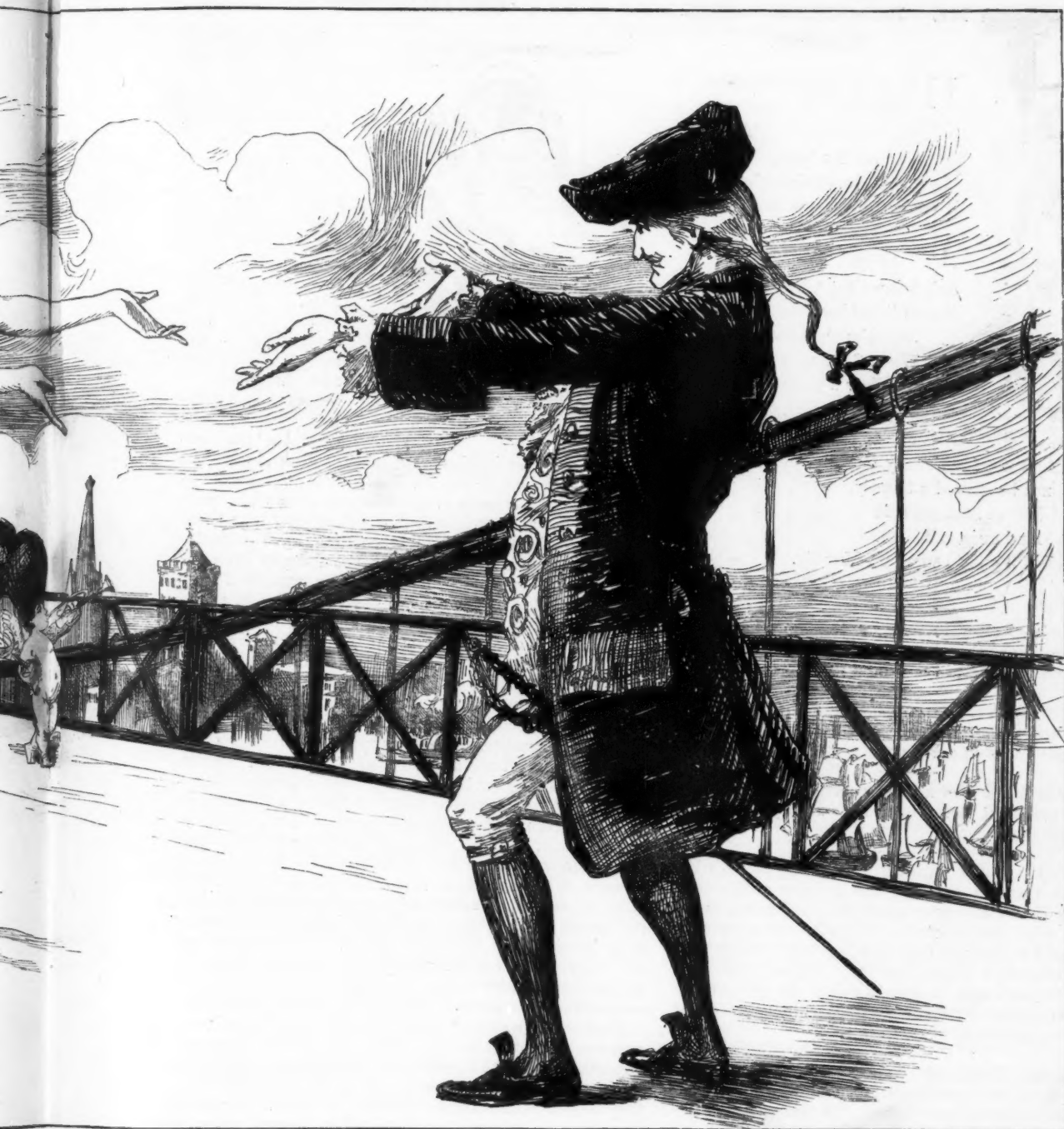
One "cop,"
With club;
A boy
In "jug!"
At Court,
Judge says:
"Bad sport—
10 days!"
One jail,
A lad,
So pale—
So SAD!

EDWIN FERGUSON.



AT LAST!

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER AND MISS BR



AT LAST!

AND MISS BROOKLYN MADE HAPPY.



THE BUMMER'S COMPLAINT.

HIC jacet, glory à Mond'y,
There's no rum sold a
Sund'y,
The law's a hum,
Cried the choleric bum.
I could drink up the Bay of
Fundy.

Salt fish we eat a Friday,
Makes Saturday a dry-day,
And I'm shaky and glum,
When Sunday's come;
Cant swallow a crumb that high-
day.

Were it not for Granny Grundy,
I'd not be barred a Sund'y,
But at bars get rum
And swig and bum.
Well, I'll guzzle some on Mond'y.

G. BUMBLE BEE.

THE *Chicago Tribune* says: "Jefferson Davis has eaten more crow than any man living."—This must certainly be charged to the account of the lost caws.

PONTIUS PILATE, Judas Iscariot and King Herod are now suing Salmi Morse for back pay. This may after all put Salmi in a Passion.

THE *Manhattan* has a new cover, but is not yet as well dressed as it deserves to be. It improves. We wish it success.

MCMILLAN & Co. publish "Some of Æsop's Fables" with pictures showing the modern application, as well as illustrating the original tales. Twenty folios are given with four pictures to each. As a modern instance of The Fox and the Crow is given a suitor, who, having flattered a chaperone into singing, takes her place on the sofa and is seen kissing the girl's hand. The drawings are by Rudolph Caldecott, whose name is sufficient assurance of their merit.

MR. HARRY EDWARDS, comedian, has published an amusing book of light literature, containing sketches on various subjects and called "A Mingled Yarn." Mr. Edwards is a learned entomologist, and yet this book is no hum-Bug.

"UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS" is Helen Campbell's last novel. This seems to imply a small boy and a good deal of trouble and ginger and things.

SERENADING.



OW to deal with the loathsome vice of serenading is a delicate and often a difficult question. What MR. JOHN B. GOUGH calls "moral suasion" is rarely of any use. You may talk to the offender with the utmost kindness and earnestness. You may assure him that serenading destroys the peace and happiness of innocent and helpless people, and degrades the serenader below the level of any of the brutes, with the solitary exception of the cat. You may even point out to him, among his friends or acquaintances, men who were rigidly pure and upright, but who fancying that there could be no harm in a little serenading, have gradually become instructed to the guitar, the flute, or even the ear and soul destroying cornet. The wretched serenader will listen to you respectfully or otherwise, as the case may be, but he will refuse to abandon his vice, and will after exhibit a shameless and open defiance of decency which cannot but fill the virtuous mind with horror. Here and there a solitary serenader may be turned from the error of his way by moral suasion, but as a rule it is worse than useless.

Forcible measures for the suppression of serenaders have often been tried and with varying success. Much good has been done by throwing large and heavy bouquets of flowers at serenaders. A father, a brother, or even the serenaded young lady herself, has sometimes hurled one of these missiles with such excellence of aim and potency of force as to completely break a violin or a guitar. When thrown at the cornet that fiendish instrument is sometimes driven with such violence against the mouth of the player as to cut his lips and temporarily render him unfit for crime. But supplies of heavy bouquets cannot always be kept on hand in regions infested by serenaders, and they can never be made effective against either singers or flute players.

Buckets of water can also be made to do good execution. The difficulty as to their use is that it generally exasperates the serenaders to the point of using bad language, and gives them a pretext to complain that they have not been treated civilly. It is true that cold and clean water is seldom fatal when poured upon a serenader from a second story window, but it should not be used unless the user is perfectly willing to quarrel with the offender. As to boiling water, which has often been used in Western towns with the result of instantly putting a stop to the most boisterous serenade, it should

be remarked that our laws do not permit of the scalding of even a cornet-player, and until more enlightened legislation can be procured, the law-abiding citizen will hesitate to repel serenaders with hot water.

What is needed is a method of checking a serenade and of inflicting severe punishment upon the serenaders without, at the same time giving them sufficient cause—in their own opinion—to tear down the house and assault the inmates. Such a method has recently been invented by a young lady of Marysville, Illinois, and to her are due the thanks and admiration of her sex.

Marysville has for some years been infested by a gang of serenaders, consisting of a violinist, a cornetist, a flutist and a guitarist. This gang has been the terror of every household with a daughter. Beginning at nine o'clock in the evening, with the "Sweet By and By," the serenaders have habitually gone from house to house until midnight, thus serenading, on an average, thirteen families every night, with the exception of Sundays. Nothing has hitherto intimidated them, and even when Esquire Jones—a choleric old gentleman—lodged a charge of shot in the guitar, the guitarist promptly bought a new instrument, and suing Esquire Jones for damages, serenaded his daughter with more vigor than ever.

Last week the serenaders invaded the front yard of an estimable widow lady with a daughter, Miss Sarah Finch. Though Miss Finch is only eighteen she weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and is a young person of great fearlessness and strength of character. On the night of the serenade which took place at about 9:30 P.M., the serenaders grouped themselves under the second story window, appertaining to Miss Finch's room, and standing close together, began the Sweet Bye and Bye. At the conclusion of the first verse the window opened and Miss Finch appeared, leaning out as if on the point of personally thanking them for their superb performances. In another moment she had thrown herself heavily upon the serenaders. She struck them with the momentum of a body of one hundred and eighty-five pounds falling through a space of forty-one feet. The result was more than even the most sanguine person would have anticipated.

The cornet player was instantly killed, his neck being broken. The violinist had his right collar-bone broken, and the two remaining members of the gang were severely bruised, the guitarist having sustained what there is reason to hope are fatal internal injuries. The guitar and violin were irretrievably smashed, and the cornet was flattened to an extent that must render it permanently dumb, the flute alone escaping uninjured. As for the noble, devoted Miss Finch, she was not hurt in the least, since she landed upon the heads of the gang, and her fall was thus broken.

Serenading in Marysville has been, for the present, completely broken up, and if the example of Miss Finch should be followed by all other unusually heavy young ladies, the complete suppression of serenading throughout the whole land, will be rendered certain. Miss Finch is the modern feminine Curitius, and the

time will come when a grateful people will rear to her a monument far more enduring than brass instruments.

W. L. A.



LABORE ET HONORE.

THERE is no genius springing armed and ready
Out of the caput of your lucky cove ;
Like the grave goddess, calm, clear-eyed and steady,
Born in the purple from the front of Jove !

No stately muse, discreet in lawn and laurel,
Attunes with loving hand the lyre unstrung ;
While her pet poet sighs or seeks a quarrel—
October nightmares these that Musset sung !

If we may credit those who toil and suffer,
Whose brains are neither fuddled, dyed, nor turned,
Good Captain Fame's a practical old buffer,
And only ships us with our passage earned.

There sits your joss ! The world kotows in wonder !
His happy wit seems ever on a spree,
His lightest word reverberates like thunder.
Alas ! He ground it out—like you or me.

Blind was his fate, as that which now compels you !
He climbed the golden staircase on his knees !
Ask him his secret—and your idol tells you,
"Who sits cross-legged, sits not at his ease !"

Our heaps of dust old Time comes turning, turning.
Quick eye the cunning dotard ever bears !
The pious oyster's modest pearl discerning,
Prizing the toad's one jewel that he wears !

And this same genius we are all adoring
Is but the grace the Arab gained of old ;
The lamp's familiar that, from rust restoring,
Good labor—honest labor—shall unfold.

T. R. SULLIVAN.



BIOGRAPHETTES.

XVI.

BENJAMIN BUTLER.

BENJAMIN'S early history was accidentally dropped in the mud by Noah, when he landed on Mount Ararat, and has been in the mud ever since. It is supposed, however, that he is the Benjamin of Scripture, and Boston divines hence always avoid reading those passages of Holy Writ wherein Benjamin is mentioned. Other than Sacred writers have thought him to be the Ben Jamin or Jim Jamin alluded to by Æsculapius Major in his treatise on Hog Cholera, but this is now regarded by General Cesnola, Susan B. Anthony and other antiquarians as improbable.

Ben figured in our late war, and the New Orleans spoon owners have done a good deal of figuring since. Ben likewise went to Congress—Ben did—and then Ben was bereaved of votes and was made a widow. Then Ben in his bereavement went to Boston and settled there. Boston has never been herself since. Last year Ben clubbed himself together and resolved to be a governor. Ben didn't know what else to do. Ben ran. When Ben runs he gets there. So Ben landed and has been there ever since. Then Boston changed her motto and made it thus: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are, we elected Ben."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CARTER H. H., *Chicago*.—(1.) We see no harm in your *trying* for the nomination in 1884. (2.) Do you stand as much chance as O'Donovan Rossa? Just about. (3.) Yes, from the specimen editorials you enclose, we would say you were right in thinking that there was a little journalistic opposition to you in Chicago. (4.) The business manager says he will print your speech for \$1.50 a line.

ELIAS L., *New Haven*.—(1.) You won. A straight *does* beat three of a kind. (2.) In that case discontinue cigarettes and smoke a pipe. (3.) There will not be another French Ball until next spring. (4.) It was probably the result of taking the beer *after* the others. They should never be mixed.

O'DONOVAN R.—(1.) We have carefully examined your plan for blowing up the bridge, but cannot exactly see how injuring Brooklyn will help Ireland. (2.) Yes, it *does* seem to be the general impression that you are a blatherskite and a rascal.

MCCOSH, *Princeton*.—If you coppered the ace, the dealer was right.

MORGAN D.—(1.) Yes, as an advertisement, it was certainly a good scheme. (2.) No. They are too funny for our columns.

ROSCOE C.—(1.) Yes, if Backus resigns, you might try it. (2.) Curling irons are quicker, but paper injures the hair less. (3.) If steel ribs are too stiff, try whalebone.

DAVID D.—If you really wish to gain flesh, confine yourself to a farinaceous diet.

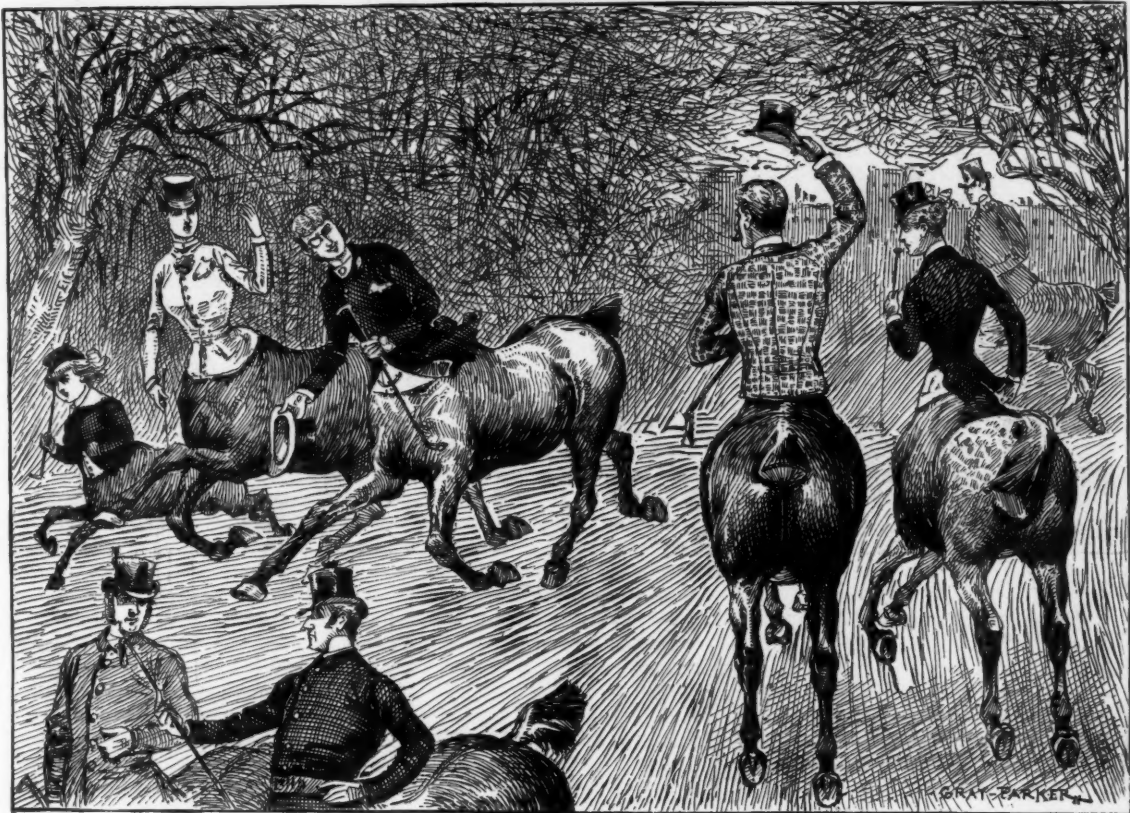
FREDDIE G.—No, we do not think it *has* advanced you socially.

MARK T.—Send it to the *Oshkosh Christian Advertiser*. We couldn't touch it with tongs.

BOLASCO.—(1.) No; to take the plot of one play and the dialogue of another is not usually considered original work. (2.) Translating a play and changing the title does *not* place you ahead of the author, even if you do get ahead of him.



THAT tough old citizen, Beggs,
Lived on whiskey, tobacco and eggs,
Nor was he put out,
When, because of the gout,
A doctor chopped off his hind legs.



OVERDONE.

A RIDE OF A COUPLE OF HOURS ON A HARD PULLER, IN A CLOSE, DAMP SCHOOL RING, ROUND AND ROUND; THIS FOLLOWED BY A HOT BATH; THIS IN TURN FOLLOWED BY A HOT AND RATHER HEAVY SUPPER; THEN TO BED. RESULT, THE ABOVE PLEASANT NIGHTMARE.

THE KING OF THE NUMSKULLS.

THE King of Numskull Land was one of the wisest of monarchs.

The Numskulls had been in the habit of sending their grain to the Land of Nod, receiving in exchange therefor shoes, wagons, and farming tools. The men who made shoes in Numskull Land told the King that they were being ruined by cheap foreign labor. So the good King put a heavy tax on all foreign shoes and leather. Then the shoemakers of Numskull Land waxed rich; but those who worked for them were not able to buy the shoes they made.

It was thought to be a shame that Numskull Land should not manufacture its own wagons; so the good King put a heavy tax on foreign wagons, and the materials of which wagons were made. Then the men who made wagons grew rich, and a good part of the grain of the farmers went to pay for getting it to market.

To further protect the infant industries of Numskull Land, the good King put a heavy tax on foreign farmers' tools. Then the manufacturers of farmers' tools waxed rich, and the farmers mortgaged their farms to pay for implements to work them.

The King had been made to believe that these taxes would cause his treasury to overflow with coin; but it happened that no shoes or wagons or tools came from the Land of Nod to be taxed, and his account of cash showed an alarming scarcity of ducats. He could still tax the people, and he proceeded to do so. But his tax collectors came back empty-handed, saying that the people had given all they had to the men who made shoes and wagons and tools, and had nothing with which to pay the tax.

Though the King had little money, he wanted a carriage, but

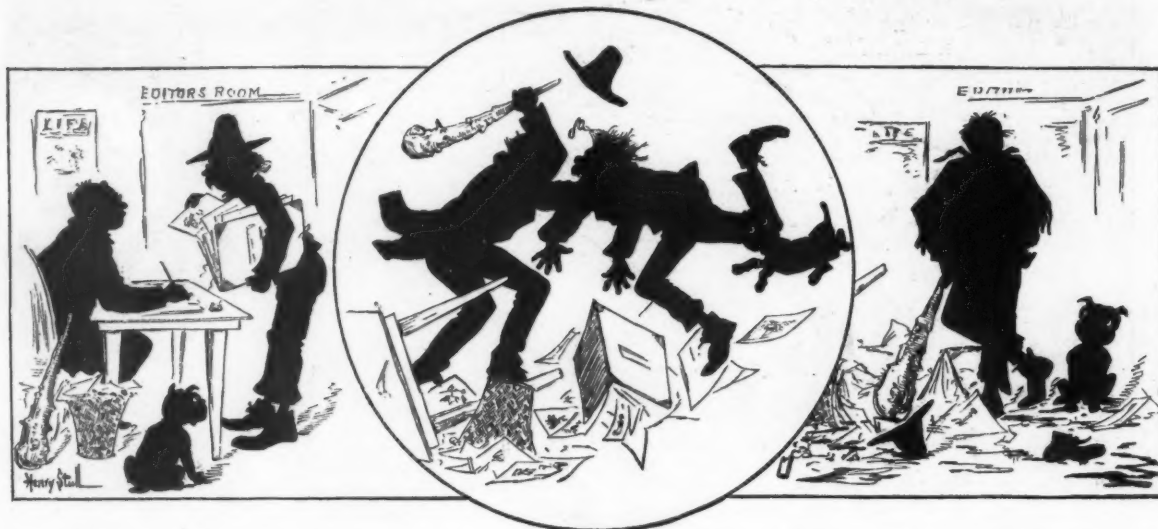
the price astonished him when he ordered one. "I used to get a better carriage," he said, "for less than half the money in the Land of Nod." "True, O King," replied the manufacturer of wagons, "but to the cost of manufacturing and our regular profit we must add the tax, and interest on the tax, and commission on the tax, and rattage on the tax, and all that. But you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are protecting our infant industries." "That is a great consolation," said the King, "and I will gladly go afoot; but I must get some new boots."

When he was measured for a pair of boots, he was astonished at the price. "I used to get them for a third of the money in the Land of Nod," said he. "True, O King," replied the shoemaker, "but you must pay an extra price for the privilege of protecting our infant industries." "That is rather hard," said the King; "but I will gladly go barefoot for the sake of protecting those infant industries."

Then a strange thing happened. The makers of shoes and wagons and tools had great stocks of goods on hand, and they began to go into bankruptcy. "Great King," they said, "we are suffering from over-production, a politico-economical disease for which we are not responsible. Your people are unable to buy our goods, because we are not fully protected. Give us more protection, or the infant industries must collapse."

"It seems to me," replied the good King, as he scratched his head, "that there is some mistake here. The people are poor, and I am poor, and you are the only ones who have made any profit by this protection, and now even you are getting poor. The infant industries have had a good chance to grow, at the expense of the rest of us, and they ought to be big enough to go alone. So I shall throw open the gate and let them toddle."

A WARNING TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.



"I HAVE BROUGHT YOU A DUDE
JOKE WHICH I—"

OH! YOU HAVE, EH! WELL—!!—!!!

NEXT!

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

IT was a very small circumstance of a saloon, and had been opened but a few days.

The proprietor, Mr. Michael O'Houlihan, stood at the front door and gazed at the vacant space across the street, where goats browsed contentedly upon tin cans and potsherds.

"Do yez see me row av flats over there, sor-r-r?" he inquired, with a tone and air of importance.

"Flats? No. I see no flats. Where are they?"

"Across the way, sor-r-r. Right forninst the two eyes av yez."

"I see nothing but a row of vacant lots."

"It's where me row av flats is gwan to be, sor-r-r. Do yez see me bar-r-r? I've got a bar'l av whuskey, an' iverythin' ilse accordin', an' have opened out in shtoyle, an' the byes take koindly to me, sor-r-r, an' they say they mane to make me the district boss. Nixt fall I'll git elicthed Aldherman, an I'll have the whole av me hand in the Aqueduct pie, sor-r-r. Thin I'll give out the conthraht fur the buildin' av me flats, which I've made an offer fur the lots already, sor-r-r. Me infloence in the war-r-d will make it chape to me, an' me bar-r-r across the way will ketch a good bit av the workmin's money, an' I'll rint out the flats an' shtart me a salune on the corner in the foineest shtoyle, sor-r-r. Thin I'll marry the Widdy Maloney, which she's got an intrust in the lots, an' Mike O'Houlihan'll be wan av the boss properthy houlders av the city, sor-r-r."

His dream of wealth was interrupted by the arrival of an imported policeman, who tapped him on the shoulder.

"What's the matther wid yez?" demanded Mr. O'Houlihan.

"I've got a warrant fur Misther O'Houlihan, fur breakin' the Ixcise la' by sellin' whuskey widout license. Come wid me quick, before I club the head aff av yez."

"Howly mither av Moses!" muttered O'Houlihan, as he closed his door. "A new policeman on the bate, an' it'll bu'st up the business to shquare him!"

THE WISH.

A TOAD sat on the cold, cold ground—
Thinking.
An owl sat on a dead tree-top—
Blinking.

The toad was sighing for the joys
Of Heaven;
The owl to thoughts of inner owl
Was given.

They both bewailed their dismal lot,
Alas!
Both prayed from them the bitter cup
Might pass.

Both prayers were heard, you may believe—
Or not;
But, in the fact, I'll not deceive
A jot.

There, on the road, an angel showed
The owl the toad.
The toad he slipped, who thought he slipped
To blest abode.

The owl was poisoned by his meal—
Ah, well!
Unshriven was toad, and down he went—
Amen!

C.

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To Buyers in the all-important business of furnishing their houses and apartments we would be especially gratified to show our new productions and rapid advancement in this industry.
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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors."
—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

THE Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle calls Jeff. Davis the Great Davis, and thus does an irreparable injustice to David.

An old tin kettle may not point a moral, but we have frequently known it to adorn a tail.—Washington Gazette.

TIME is money and money is time, for when you give twenty-five cents to a couple of tramps, it is a quarter to two.—Washington Gazette.

THE woman who tore all the lower part of her dress off on a nail, and got so mad her nose bled, didn't know whether she had a hem or rage, or both.—he Drummer.

THE St. Paul Dispatch calls for a loan exhibition to raise a fund for the establishment of an art gallery. Give a fancy dress ball, neighbor, and you will have all the low necks-exhibitions your heart could desire.—Bismarck Tribune.

SECRETS of the Confessional. "Is it a sin," asks a fashionable lady of her spiritual director, "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?" "It is, my daughter," he replies gravely: "we should never delight in falsehood!"—Portland Transcript.

THE "course of true love" traced by letters in a breach of promise suit in New York ran in this manner: "My Darling Benny," "My own darling Benny," "My own dearest darling," "My own darling Love," "My darling Ben," "Friend Ben." And all was over.—Ex.

"I HAVE been married for several weeks, and my husband and I cannot decide whether we should retain our old love letters or burn them. What would you advise? Mrs. C." Put them in a pasteboard box in the servant girl's room. A supply of old love letters has been known to keep a girl contented in one place for three months at a time.—Philadelphia News.

A NEW YORK man, the other night, attacked a wooden Indian at a street corner and knocked it out in the fourth round. Then he walked down the street a short distance, drew a revolver, and blew his brains out. It is conjectured that his mortification was so great when he discovered his mistake that he concluded life was not worth living.—Norristown Herald.

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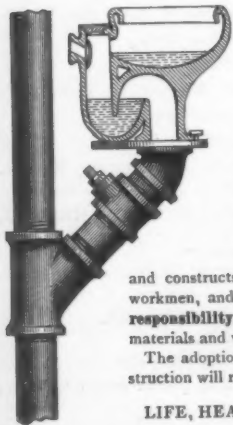
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